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## Weekly



## Herald.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS; RESPONSIBLE FOR NOTHING.

VOL. VI.

CLEVELAND, TENN., APRIL 29, 1881.

NO. 16.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Regular rates of advertising, \$1 per square first insertion, and 50 cents each subsequent insertion.  
Special contracts will be made for all advertisements for four insertions or over.  
Transient advertisements always payable quarterly in advance.  
Marriages and obituary notices, over one square, charged for at half regular rates.  
All local news 10 cents a line for each insertion.  
No notices inserted for less than fifty cents.

LETTER PICKERS,  
Cleveland, Tenn.D. J. WHITESIDE & CO.,  
DEALERS IN

HATS, CAPS,

Gents' Fine

Furnishing Goods,

211 MARKET STREET,

Chattanooga, Tenn.

April 25-1

SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

St. Louis chillsblains are the worst in market.

Chicago drug stores aim to make 400 per cent. profit.

A \$500,000 grain elevator is to be erected in Council Bluffs, Iowa.

The Legislature of West Virginia adjourned until the second Wednesday in January, 1882.

Poets who have written most of the sea have been awful careful to make their journeys by land.

A St. Louis preacher has made himself unpopular by preaching against second marriages.

Talmage says a person can be too enthusiastic on the subject of religion and do the cause much injury.

The czar of Russia has been put out of the way, but will his son show the nihilists any favors for their crime?

F. M. Crowley, a porter in the New York postoffice, has been detected stealing valuable letters and held in \$5,000 bail for trial.

A steam cotton mill, on a large scale, will be built immediately in Charleston, S. C., the capital, \$400,000 having been promptly subscribed.

The new bridge over the Tay, in Scotland, is estimated to cost three million and a half dollars.

A marble worker in Madison, Ind., has been convicted of defacing tombstones in the cemetery in order to create business for himself.

The police commissioners of Cincinnati are charged with having been paid as much as two thousand dollars a month by the gamblers as blackmail.

The public debt of the United States is \$68 per head; of Spain, \$154; of France, \$136; of England, \$136; of Holland, \$114; of Canada, \$28; of Mexico, \$89; of Switzerland, \$2.

The Boston Post accounts for the New Yorkers paying higher salaries than any other city to their ministers by the fact that it's a heap more work to save a New Yorker than any other man.

A party of seven Zulus, intended for exhibition purposes, have arrived in New York. There are two women and five men. Their dress is so scant that it scarcely complies with the demands of decency.

George Thomas was to wed Annie Seven in Cairo last September, but two days before the date fixed he broke his leg. In January they tried it again and she broke an arm. They were to make a third trial on the 15th of this month, but on the 7th George broke his neck. And now the girl is heartbroken.

Singing cats, roof perambulators o' nights, are common enough; in fact, too numerous for comfort; but who ever heard of a singing dog? John Webb, of Jeffersonville, Pa., has a common cat which has actually been taught to know one key in music from another, and will sit by a piano and sing in his peculiar language and never make a discord. Eminent musicians say it is wonderful.

## Bro. Gardner's Lime-Kill Club.

"Doan" be too good," said the old man, as he crossed his hands under his coat-tails. "I advise you to be good, but not goody-good. When a man reaches a certain line of goodness he will have respect an' esteem of all who meet him; orfuns will bless him an' widlers will pray for him. When he crosses ober dat line he will pray fur de po' wid one hand an' lend money at fifteen per cent. wid de odder. He will shed tears fur his nuyb's woes, but leave six inches of snow on his sidewalk fur de public to wade frew. His chin will quiver when he speaks of de po' heathen in Africa, but his own boys will play base ball in de alley on Sunday. He will weep ober de need of more orfuns asylums, but he won't put down a shillin' in money. He will talk charity by de hour, and charge a boy fifty cents for breakin' a two shillin' pane of glass. I doan' want nuffin' to do wid a too good man. When I know a man to be wicked I know how to take him. When I know him to be a goody-goody man my only safety am to let him alone. When you meet a man who am distressed ober de general wickedness of de world doan' you lend him any money widout good security. When you meet a man who says 'ah' an' 'um,' an' rubs his hands together an' rolls up his eyes, doan' challenge him to trade horses. Find me a man who weeps becase de world hain't better an' I show you a man who makes his own home unhappy."

## A Bad Elephant.

Few showmen, says a New York letter, envy the Canadians who bought Emperor at Barnum's sale a few months ago, and predictions are made that the vicious brute will raise mischief before he gets through the season in Canada. It has been about a year since Emperor traveled. His nature is so treacherous and his temper so violent that the keepers dread to have him around, and he was lent to the Central park collection. He was kept chained up after he went to the park, but even then he made vicious lunges at people and came near killing a keeper. Superintendent Conklin had a great iron cage made, and Emperor was put in that. The cage had no bottom, and one day Emperor rushed at a man at whom he was offended, and carrying the cage along with him pinned the man against the partition. Long iron rods now rivet the cage pat to the stone floor, and Emperor's capacity for mischief is very limited. For several months Emperor has been on his good behavior. His head droops meekly, and no trace of viciousness can be seen in his mild, blinking eyes. The keepers wonder what he is going to do next, and do not abate in their wariness.

Mr. Conklin had Emperor out for an airing two or three times during winter. The neighborhood of the menagerie was first cleared of visitors, and then the old fellow was led around the buildings with a chain. He showed no emotion of any kind at this glimpse of freedom.

The question of a keeper for the coming season was at first a perplexing one to Emperor's purchasers. Old keepers all over the country know the beast by sad experience or reputation, and have declined, with thanks, proffers of situations.

"Don't touch that elephant; he'll kill the whole of you," wrote one man. "He broke my arm and collar-bone in 1876, and I don't want anything to do with him." One writer was earnest in his appeal to the owners not to trust Emperor under any circumstances. Other keepers had reminiscences of fractured ribs and legs to relate in explanation of their declinations. An experienced keeper has been engaged, however, and by some it is believed that Emperor's fit of sulks is over, and that he will be a good elephant all summer.

## Vengeance Upon a Mule.

Old Silas was a very revengeful man. Now, Silas owned a mule, and one day the mule raised his hind legs and smote Silas, whereupon the old man sat upon the barn floor and wept. Suddenly he smiled, and seizing a grain sack he filled it with sand and rocks, and tied leather apron around it. Then he hung it down from the beam right behind the mule. A shudder passed over the animal, but he nerved himself and let fly. He sent the bag to the roof, but the recoil struck him with surprise, not only once but two or three times. The mule was astonished, shocked! He wasn't used to being kicked back. Old Silas laughed until tears ran down his cheeks. The mule kicked again and the bag kicked back. They kept up the contest all day, and towards evening the mule showed signs of weakening, but old Silas was not satisfied yet. He went to bed, and during the night he heard the mule braying for mercy, but his heart was hardened. When he went to the stable in the morning the sand bag was as fresh as ever, but the mule had laid down in despair and was dead—died of a broken heart.

Everything continued to sit. "Well, then, any one willing to begin the reform at home and under his own lat please stand up."

No one stood up. "I think we have bitten off more than we can chew," said the Coon as he laid down his gavel. "This is a very wicked world, and there is great need of reform, but when Tigers set out to reform Hyenas and Wild Cats find fault with the doings of Wolves it's time to dismiss the meeting."

MORAL.  
Charity may begin next door, but reform should commence at home.

## Florida Ship Canal.

A dispatch from Philadelphia says: "Now that the Philadelphia capitalists, who are about to reclaim the immense tracts of land in the state of Florida, known as the 'Everglades,' have completed their contract with that state, it is no longer a secret that one of the main features of the gigantic scheme is the building of a ship canal across the state of Florida. This project almost equals in importance that of reclaiming the twelve million acres of the richest land in the world, south of the frost belt. A ship canal across the state of Florida has been the dream of engineers for many years. It would not only shorten the distance between the American ports on the Atlantic coast and all European ports to New Orleans, Mobile and all shipping points on the Gulf of Mexico, but it would avoid the dangers to navigation which are experienced on the countless keys and coral reefs off the Southern and Southwestern coast of Florida. All ship captains know of this danger, which is often aggravated by hurricanes, which are common to the southward of Florida, but which are comparatively unknown on the west coast, in the region of Tampa Bay. It is well known that a number of New York capitalists have been endeavoring for some years to get a charter from the state of Florida to build a ship canal, but the Philadelphia company, with a great deal of shrewdness, have got ahead of them. In connection with the Panama Canal, now in the course of construction, the Florida canal must at once attract the attention of the capitalists, not only of America but of Europe."

It will be much easier to steal an umbrella now than four weeks hence.

## A FABLE.

How the Coon Presided.  
Once upon a time there was a general assemblage of fowls and animals, called together to discuss the question of reform. The Tiger shed tears over the wickedness of the Rabbits, the Hyena wept at the rapacity of the Vultures, and the Wild Cat pressed his paws to his aching heart and sighed over the villainies perpetrated by the Rats and Mice. A venerable old Coon was made chairman of the meeting, and after clearing his voice he began:

"My friends, there is great need of reform. We are drifting down to perdition at racehorse speed. Speak, brothers, speak, and let us have a full and frank expression."

"I am for reform," said the Tiger as he rose up. "I see the Coons out every night, stealing corn and raising old Ned generally, and I hope they may be brought to see the error of their ways."

"Reform is my watchword," began the Buffalo as he secured the floor, "and I hope the Tigers will commence the good work in their midst. The Tiger who just addressed you has the blood of my slain calf still on his lips."

"It is my opinion," began a veteran old Hyena, "that reform is most needed among the vultures. They have become so bold that I hardly stand a show now—adays to find a carcass for myself."

"And since men have taken to carrying guns and swords I hesitate to attack them," said a Wolf. "I move you, Mr. Chairman, that it is the sense of this meeting that men no longer go armed."

"Hear what I have to say," pleaded the Wild Cat. "I move that the Panther be censured for eating flesh."

"And my friend the Cow should be forced to let grass alone," observed an Elephant.

"In order to get the sense of the meeting I move that we no longer eat flesh," observed a Deer.

"I move to amend by substituting the word 'grass,' promptly responded a Wolf.

Amendments and resolutions were coming in like the Pacific Express, when the old Coon in the chair called for order and said:

"My friends, let us begin our reform by routing out the Serpents."

"No! no!" protested a Fox. "I lease my cave to a family of Serpents at excellent cash figures. Let's drive the Worms out of the country."

"But we feed on Worms," chirped a hundred Birds. "Drive them out and we'll starve!"

Thus they continued, each one anxious to preserve whatever was good for himself and sacrifice whatever was good for his neighbor, until the Coon cut the discussion short by saying:

"Order! Order! Now, then, any bird or fowl who is willing to begin this reform campaign by sacrificing personal gains please stand up."

Everything continued to sit.

"Well, then, any one willing to begin the reform at home and under his own lat please stand up."

No one stood up. "I think we have bitten off more than we can chew," said the Coon as he laid down his gavel. "This is a very wicked world, and there is great need of reform, but when Tigers set out to reform Hyenas and Wild Cats find fault with the doings of Wolves it's time to dismiss the meeting."

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"I swore once," he said never to trust mankind, still less womankind, again."

"Unsay the rash oath," she said eagerly. "It shuts you from all happiness and goodness."

"How dare you ask me? In whom shall I trust?"

"In me."

"A girl—a child, that doesn't know even the meaning of things about her, much less her own heart?"

"I know one thing; the truth that I feel within me. That never dies, and never fails. Only try me, cousin. I long to do you good."

"I believe you do," he said, much softened. "I believe, with all of my innocent fervor, you do wish it. I will trust till I see that you, too, are going to deceive me. Will you take the responsibility?"

Madeline held out her hand, and so there was a truce between them. Every night they studied and talked under the supervision of the prim housekeeper, and at last he fell into a way of taking a morning walk with her in the garden and riding with her to several parties affid always to church, and the neighborhood held up its hands in astonishment.

Months passed away. Very peaceful, happy ones they were. But one evening he failed to make his appearance. All the next day Madeline watched for him, but in vain.

"He had gone away," she thought, with a keen pang, "and did not tell me. One week passed—two—three. Suspense grew unendurable. She ventured an inquiry of the prim housekeeper."

"Mr. Frederic is not far away—he is ill."

"Ill! Why was I not told? I will go and see him at once!"

"He has the typhus fever, Miss; and Mrs. Chathard ordered that you should on no account be admitted, for fear of the infection."

Madeline left the housekeeper without another word, and went straight to Frederic's room. She was not very sure of its locality; for it was in the other wing of the house, a place where she had never ventured. She was, however, exceedingly doubtful of the propriety of going in at all; but if he should die without her, would propriety console her? She went in trembling. He was alone and awake. He turned towards her, hollow, reproachful eyes.

"Are you better?" was the first question.

"Yes; but why have you left me alone so long? I thought that you cared for me."

"I do, I do. I never knew. I waited and wondered, and grew sick at heart. No one told me, and to-day I asked, I was too proud to do it before. I thought you had gone away, after the old fashion, without telling me. Then they said I mustn't come to you for fear of the infection."

"There is danger! Go away at once!"

"I will not. Why should I not share danger with you? All the orders in the world shan't drive me from you!"

He turned towards her with sudden animation, seizing her hand, looked earnestly into her face, and said: "My little darling, I really believe that you love me as I do you!"

And from that moment he mended, spite of doctor's physic, and the sombre old house is gay enough under the blithe supervision of the young mistress, Mrs. Frederic Chathard, or Madeline.

Celebrated Poisoners.

At one time, poisoning was largely practised in Italy. The most celebrated of the Italian poisoners were two women named La Spaza and Tophania, who were both executed. The latter confessed that she had been instrumental in poisoning six hundred people, during a life of seventy years. Her poison was colorless and tasteless, and could not be detected. It was put up in phials and labelled by her "Manna of St. Nicholas," though it was usually known by her own name as Agna Tophania. So common a thing did poisoning become, that fashionable ladies kept bottles of this fatal water upon their dressing tables, as they would lavender water. By regulating the dose victims could be despatched in a week, a fortnight, a month, or a longer period, as suited the plans of the poisoners. In England seventeen persons were poisoned by Bousie, the Bishop of Rochester's cook. Madame de Brinvilliers, a young and beautiful Frenchwoman of most engaging manners, ran a distinguished career as a slow poisoner. By the advice of her husband, she leagued with a poisoner by the name of Saint Croix, to despatch her father and brothers, that she might inherit their property. The fellowship of crime inspired her with a guilty passion for her accomplice, and she afterward sought to poison her husband that she might marry Saint Croix. But the latter had no fancy to form a closer connection with this wicked woman, and by the secret administration of antidotes, prevented the husband's death. She was at length detected in her practices and perished on the scaffold.

"Cousin," she said, gently enough, "why should we be at war? We are of the same blood, and I think we are alike in one thing at least—that we are both alone. Why, goad each other with bitter words? Would it not be better to help each other? I don't ask nor offer any confidence; only if there could be a liking, and a friendship between us, let it develop itself. Let us not hinder it."

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